

sparrows chattering  
fighting over the little  
space on the windowledge

late autumn spider webs  
catch only small leaves

#### DAWN WINE

it is the rain of april  
stretching over into may,  
bringing the same greyness and  
the same chill at night.  
it is the perfect sound though,  
this rain, to fall asleep to,  
softening thoughts into dreams  
the way it does. already,  
because of the mild winter,  
spring seems so long, and  
for some reason its  
leisurely pace makes me want to  
sleep long hours,  
especially on cool mornings  
when the bed seems like  
luxurious silk and  
my body feels thoroughly  
drugged, perhaps for  
the last time.  
and to get up around six  
in the morning when the birds  
are at full tilt, and to  
go into the kitchen in  
bare feet on cold tiles  
to get a glassful of deep  
red wine, and to drink it  
from a tall water glass  
and then to slip back  
into bed when the wine  
is quickly gone — ah, this  
is one of the great pleasures  
in life that can be  
frequently repeated.  
and even though sleep  
is only a brief moment away,  
after putting your head down  
again on that pillow,  
still, that moment  
is worth millions.